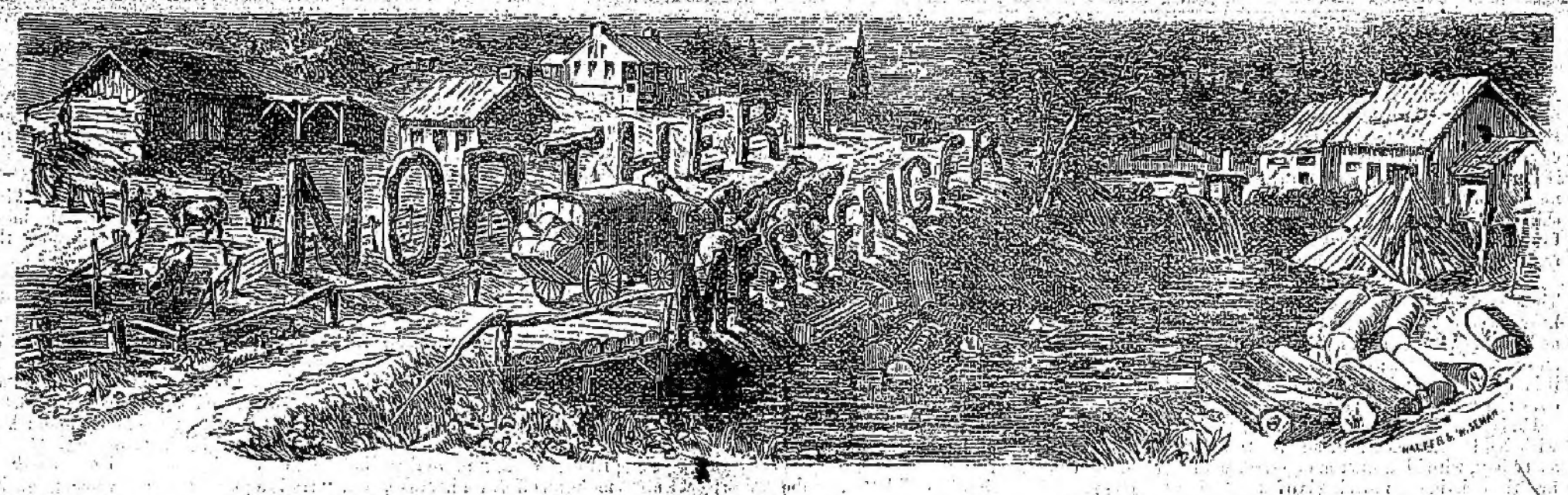

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVI., No. 17 MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1881. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

DEFECTIVE SIGHT.

(Harper's Magazine.)

I have known fond and doting mothers take their children of four and five years of age to have their first teeth filled instead of having them extracted, so that the jaw might not suffer in its due development and become in later years contracted, while the eye, the most intellectual, the most apprehensive, and the most discriminating of all our organs, receives not even a passing thought, much less an examination. It never seems to occur to the parents that the principal agent in a child's education is the eye; that through it it gains not only its sense of the methods and ways of existence of others, but even the means for the maintenance of its own; nor does it occur to the parents for an instant that many of the mental as well as bodily attributes of a growing child are fashioned, even if they are not created, by the condition of the eye alone.

A child is put to school without the slightest enquiry on the part of the parent, and much less on the part of the teacher, whether it has the normal amount of sight; whether it sees objects sharply and well defined, or indistinctly and distorted; whether it be near-sighted or far-sighted; whether it sees with one or two eyes; or, finally, if it does see clearly and distinctly, whether it is not using a quantity of nervous force sufficient after a time not only to exhaust the energy of the visual organ, but of the nervous system at large.

The reason why a near-sighted person is apt to be sickly is not far to seek. A near-sighted boy, unless the trouble be of a very moderate degree, cannot compete successfully with his school-mates in any of the games of youth where a nicely balanced co-operation of skill and strength is required, for the simple reason that most of them lie beyond the range of his vision. Ridiculed by his companions for clumsiness and inaptitude, due to a physical defect of which neither he nor they are aware, he throws up in disgust, one by one, the health-giving sports in which he never can hope to excel, and takes to books, not as most boys do as a disagreeable duty, but as a recreation, till what was at first a pastime turns into a passion, and reading for the mere sake of reading, often without understanding, and nearly always without reflection, becomes a necessity—a craving which is not only not opposed by his parents and teachers, but even fostered.

Abstraction from fresh air and exercise is, however, not the only evil engendered by this condition; the very attitude under which the use of the eyes is performed is detrimental to general health and due development of important organs. The book is brought near

E B F P T Z D
D L T Z F P E
B E P F Z T L

FIGURE 1.

to the eye, the head is bent upon the chest or over the table, according as the occupation is reading or writing, till the shoulders become curved and the chest contracted, the inspiration shortened and insufficient.

But it is not alone these physical attributes; even the mental are affected. A near-sighted child cannot, even across the table, see clearly the features of his own family, let alone those of his instructors, nor catch the ever-varying expression of the eye or the subtle changes in the muscles of the face, by which an idea is emphasized or a principle enforced. As he grows to manhood his very sense of the beautiful in nature is hampered and curtailed. It is the same in art, an indifferent miniature in the hand gives him more pleasure than a Raphael on the wall, and the love of detail and intricacy is fostered in him at the expense of unity and comprehensiveness.

He judges of men and their intentions rather by the sound of the voice than the expression of the face, and is apt, for that reason, to be suspicious of strangers, and

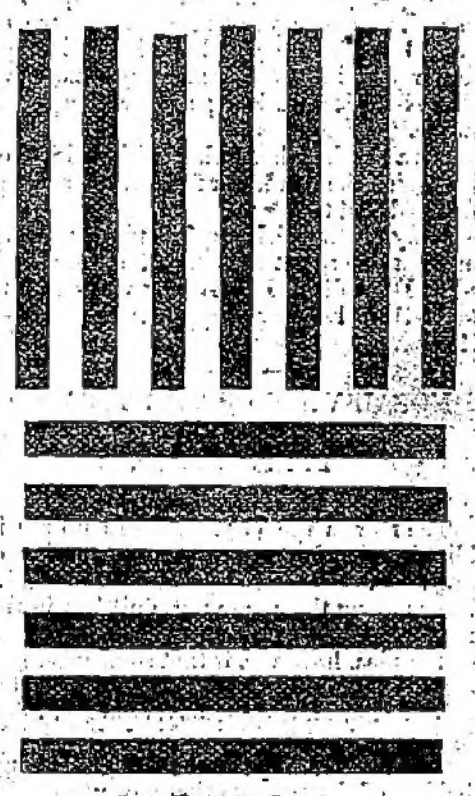

FIGURE 2.

overconfident in mere acquaintances, and this is even more the case with places than with men.

Now all this must have an effect on the general health, and reduce longevity, and I feel confident, however difficult it may be, with individual exceptions, that in a great number of near-sighted people the general average of physical vigor would be less than in the same number of those who possess long sight.

If, now, this reduction in physical vigor were counterbalanced by an increase in mental force, less objections might be raised against the defect. But I have certainly never noticed that, as a whole, near-sighted persons are any more intellectual than those who have normal eyes.

More studious they certainly are, but studiousness and intellectuality are not convertible terms, though I am aware most people think they are. Thus pale, delicate children, with a towering if not hydrocephalic forehead, and with prominent myopic eyes, are continually brought to me with the assurance by their parents of their great studiousness and consequent intellectual capacity and development. The most cursory examination proves just the contrary, unless a pert precocity about books and things, of which they really know very little, and should know less, is a sign of intellectual development. These children read much, it is true, but it is only because they can do nothing else. In no possible way, either mental or physical, is a defect in vision a benefit to the individual or the race.

But besides the condition of near-sightedness, which consists in too great a length of the eye, there is another where the eye ball is too short, or the hypermetropic eye, and which, though less dangerous to the organ, is even more distressing to the subject, because less apparent. For a short eye can, by making an effort, see in the distance usually as well as a normal eye, the only difference being that where a normal eye is using no effort to see an object clearly, that is, in the distance, a short eye is making a physical exertion proportionate to the amount of the defect—a strain which always fatigues and sometimes exhausts the nervous energy not only of the eye, but also of the whole nervous system. All this is even worse for near objects, and the result is that a hypermetropic eye never, from the beginning to the end, sees an object distinctly without an effort. From the fact that by making this effort those affected with this trouble can see both distant and near objects clearly, the defect is rarely recognized unless of a very high degree, until the near approach of adult life; though a number of symptoms and complaints may have shown themselves in former years whose true cause was unsuspected by even the sufferer himself, such as headache, vertigo, neuralgia and general nervous exhaustion—symptoms so grave that they occasionally lead to either a temporary reduction of or to a total abstinence from all study for a shorter or longer period, during which the sufferer is supposed to have all possible ills, especially those of a nervous character.

Toward adult life—that is from eighteen to twenty-two—however, a new symptom begins to appear. Vision which up to this time had been perfectly clear, notwithstanding the strain with which it had been performed, now begins to fail, and the page to be blurred at one moment, to become perfectly clear in the next. These temporary vanishings of the type increase in frequency, accompanied by a tense feeling over the brow, and since there is now a failing of sight, attention is called to the eye for the first time, an examination is made, and the evil remedied by the proper glass. But this is at the end of the education, not, as it should be, at the beginning, or rather before it was begun.

The extra strain must have an effect upon the character of the child and its natural disposition, and it must tend to render it often, when least expected, peevish and fretful, desponding and wanting in self-reliance. The mere effort to see must re-act on what is seen, and there can be no doubt that the physical exhaustion which follows the effort to adjust the eye, which is a muscular action, subtracts from the quickness of perception, and therefore of comprehension, and it must impede that maintenance of attention which is the surest evidence of mental vigor, just as the maintenance of power, not its production, is the surest sign of physical perfection.

With those who are affected with the too short eye the result is [illegible] of what it is with those who are near-sighted. People with this defect even in very early life acquire, without even knowing why, a distaste for books.

A boy with this deficiency of optical power sits down to study, apparently fresh, and with a determination to perform his task.

AUBURN
GALLION CDE
SW M Pozer 1582

After a little while a vague feeling of uneasiness creeps over him, and he becomes restless. He has a craving for more light. If a dark day, he wishes to get near the window; or if at nights he gets as close to the lamp as he possibly can, and so sits that the glare shines full in his face and eyes, as he has found by experience that he sees a little easier in this way as the pupils are contracted.

To his natural defect is added another evil. The glare irritates the eye, the lids become heavy and congested, and the face feverish and flushed. He spurs his flagging will, and makes an effort; but struggle as he may, it is of no use, and his head finally droops over the table, and he falls asleep.

He is shaken up only to be sent to bed with his lesson unlearned, and ten to one, if a city boy, with his dinner undigested, and his first thought in the morning is of past neglect and future punishment; and when, a little later, he presents himself at school, how many equivocations, prevarications, or downright falsehoods are forced from his young lips in order to meet and repel the cutting rebuke, or even the wrathful violence of his teacher, until he becomes, so far as his studies are concerned, habitually deceitful!

This unequal struggle between intentions and performance goes on day after day, until the boy, no matter how bright he may have been originally, becomes in reality what he has always appeared to others, backward if not stupid, and from sheer discouragement idle and truant, if not mischievous and perverse. He loses the habit of application and the power of concentration, and he continues through life, as a rule, unobservant and unthinking, and all on account of a physical defect which might have been corrected before his education began.

But besides producing an effect upon the health and mind, this physical defect often leads to a personal deformity, for it has been shown that of those who are cross-eyed, eighty per cent is due to the fact that they have too short an eye.

Nobody can tell who has not watched it, what an effect a physical deformity has upon the mind and character of a growing child, especially one which detracts in as marked a manner from its personal appearance. It exposes the child to the taunts and cruel appellations of its comrades, which in sensitive children often drive them into solitude, and make them shy and suspicious of strangers, in whom, on the other hand, they excite suspicion. The turn in the eye gives either a wandering, doubting air to the face, or, if the gaze is fixed, a too intense expression, which is disturbing and perplexing, if not downright painful to the beholder.

I have known young boys of eight and ten years of age beg their parents to let them undergo the pain of an operation to rid themselves of a deformity which subjects them so often to the unfeeling remarks of their elders, usually friends of the family, as well as the uneuphonious but expressive titles bestowed upon them by their own contemporaries, of goggle-eye and cock-eye. Nor does this end with childhood. The deformity is a disadvantage to him through life. It pursues him in his business and in his profession. Cheated of feature by dissembling nature, he is often thought to be dissembling himself when nothing is further from his thoughts. How often do we hear people say of another, whom we know to be perfectly upright and trustworthy, that they do not like him because he never looks them squarely in the face. And it is a little curious that precisely here it is that the lesser degrees of the trouble produce the most effect. That peculiar expression which people complain so much of is generally due to a deviation in the axes of the eyes—a slight convergence which is never very conspicuous, and at times only to be detected by a trained eye, but which, nevertheless, produces in all a very disagreeable impression, although not marked enough to betray its cause.

But besides the above conditions, which may be described as regular and symmetrical deviations from the normal standard of focal power due to too long or too short an axis of the eye, there is another due to an unsymmetrical or irregular formation of the curves of the cornea, or anterior surface of the eye.

This deviation from the normal eye, or astigmatism, produces precisely the same effects as those which have been already described, only, as a rule, in an exaggerated degree, for, unlike the near-sighted eye, it cannot see clearly even when the objects are brought within its range, nor, like the too short eye, can it do so by any effort of its own. It is doomed to see things not only darkly, but distorted, all its days, unless corrected by the proper glass. It is this condition which seems to have the greatest effect upon the sensorium, and whose symptoms resemble so closely those coming from actual cerebral disturbances, either of a functional, organic, or mental nature, even to the verge of insanity.

Having, I hope, by the preceding brief and imperfect representations shown the necessity of ascertaining the optical condition of the eye in early life or before the child's serious education begins, I would refer for a moment to a simple means by which the amount of sight can be ascertained, and by which an approximate idea may be gained as to the necessity of having the eyes more carefully examined.

The normal eye should read letters of the kind and size shown in Fig. 1 at twenty feet. Vision is then said to be normal. If the eye cannot do this at twenty but can at ten feet, then vision is ten-twentieths or one-half of the normal and so on.

To test the eyes, place the letters Fig. 1 at twenty feet distance, in a good light. Try first one eye, and then the other.

Any eye which cannot read the letters fluently at this distance deviates from the normal standard, and should have a thorough examination.

To test for the defect which has been mentioned in the foregoing remarks as astigmatism, place the drawing Fig. 2, showing paralled lines arranged vertically and horizontally, at fifteen or twenty feet, and be sure to test each eye separately.

These lines should appear equally distinct; that is, those running vertically should look as black and clearly defined as those which run horizontally, and *vice versa* If, however, there is any difference between them as to shade of color or distinctness of outline, the eye is astigmatic, and the greater the difference, the greater the degree. Such an eye as this requires peculiar glasses, which can only be determined by a careful examination, and which have to be selected to fit each case. It may be that a person is not astigmatic for vertical or horizontal lines, but is for those running obliquely. To test this, turn the drawing so that what are ordinarily the vertical lines shall run obliquely, say, at an angle of forty-five degrees.

If, now, this were all, it would be a simple matter for the parent or teacher to determine just what children needed a careful examination, but unfortunately there is a large number of children who, as has been already explained, have a deficiency of optical power but who can, nevertheless, neutralize this deficiency by an effort, so that they can see at as great a distance and as clearly as those who have normal eyes. These are those who most suffer from headache, and from all the ills of a nervous nature which have been detailed in the foregoing remarks. The only satisfactory way out of the difficulty would appear to the writer to be that every child should have the optical condition of the eye and the amount of vision determined before school life begins, by some competent person trained in the methods of making these examinations.—*Harper's Magazine.*

HOW DORA LEARNED TO TAKE HER MOTHER'S PLACE.

Doubtless my young readers have heard of coffee-palaces, penny-readings, and other plans for keeping men out of public-houses? But have they ever considered that it is in the power of many of them to get up a counter attraction at home, not only for poor workmen, but for those of a higher class also? Let us see how Dora Fleming found this out. One evening she was amusing herself in the dining-room. She was often alone, for her mother was dead and she had no brothers or sisters. Sometimes she went into the house of a neighbor and played with the children there, and occasionally some of them came to her, and they had games in the school-room. To-day her Aunt Caroline had come to spend the afternoon, and she and papa were now having a talk in the next room. As the door was partly open Dora could not help hearing some things that they said.

"For the sake of your child, William," urged the aunt earnestly, "you should make an effort to give up your present habits, and be more settled at home. You would not have the same temptation to take glass after glass."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mr. Fleming. "A dreary home makes many a man forget himself as much as gay company could do. When my wife was living I seldom went out at night without her, and I did not care for wine. We used to be very happy in the evenings. I read to her while she sewed, and sometimes she would sing and play for me. But there is no one to take her place in any way."

"I hope Dora will be able to take it when she is older," said Aunt Caroline. "You do not care much for her society now, I fear."

"Well, we have a bit of play now and then when I am in the humor. Poor little thing! She is too young and too wild for anything else, I suppose. I wish she could be more of a companion to me, but she is naturally absorbed in her own amusements, and she enjoys her young friends' society more than *mine; yet I must make an effort for her sake*, and may God help me!"

This conversation gave Dora many new thoughts, and caused her to make many new resolves. Hitherto she had looked to her father for everything, and had never supposed that he needed anything from her, except that she should be obedient and truthful and learn her lessons well. Now she knew that his comfort and happiness depended very much on how she spent her evenings, and that there were dangers and temptations from which her little hand might rescue him.

"And I will try to do it," Dora said to herself. "It is not fair that poor papa should struggle for my sake, while I do nothing to help. Perhaps God will answer his prayer by teaching me how. O, if I could only take mamma's place, even a little!"

Dora knew that her papa loved music, but she was afraid that her playing was not good enough to give him pleasure; however, she practised her best pieces with a carefulness unknown to her before, and after a few days she asked her papa to listen to them. Mr. Fleming was quite delighted at the progress of his child, and though he had intended to go out that evening, he did not do so; and when Dora had done playing he amused himself teaching her to sing a pretty song with him. This was the first of many pleasant evenings at home. Dora got a prize at school for her music, and as it was a very nice book she read some of it to her papa one evening when he came home too tired to say much, and he liked it so well that she had to finish it for him next evening. Now, when her young friends came in, Dora did not spend all the time romping with them, but had some games in which her papa could join, such as quartettes, and she learned how to play chess on purpose to please him.

Mr. Fleming found himself much helped in his efforts to resist the tempting wine both at home and abroad. He succeeded, and became a better and a happier man. Dora only dimly understood the nature of the temptation overcome; but she did her best, and she won a great reward, not only through the good done to her father, but also in the improvement of her own mind and character and the skill in music which she acquired. When her next birthday came round her father presented her with the likeness of her mother, set in a beautiful case.

"I give you this, Dora," he said, "not so much because your face reminds me of hers, but because you have lately learned so many of her little home ways, and have taken her place in being a dear companion to me."

Dora thanked her father with a kind of joy which she had never felt before, and she thanked God too.

Many little girls unfortunately know much more about the evils of strong drink than Dora did. I hope they will all try to make their homes as happy as they can.—*Adviser.*

MORAL VIEW OF THE TOBACCO PROBLEM.

BY META LANDER.

"But good men smoke and chew!"

The more's the pity. There's no use in blinking the fact that a goodly number of our best Christian men, and not a few ministers among them, are not guiltless in this matter. The very utmost that can be made of the plea, however, is that some good men are not free from the dominion of very bad habits. This, unfortunately, is no new thing. Many excellent Christians, including ministers, have been in theory and practice upholders of slavery. Is that any justification of slavery?

Years ago the use of intoxicating liquors was practised and approved by the majority of clergymen, one or more of them being now and then taken home drunk from some association or convention dinner, where wines abounded; but precisely because drinking was in such good repute was there the more pressing need of bold leaders to raise the banner of reform.

Let us not use the goodness of a man as a garment to cover his sins, little or great. This very goodness brings upon him a tenfold responsibility, when used as a shield to protect wrong-doing.

It can hardly be pleasant to a D.D., and perhaps LL.D. to boot, to have it bruited abroad: "He is an extraordinary man; but he is also an extraordinary smoker, his study being sometimes perfectly black with smoke." Or, "He is a great and a good man; but he will smoke a pipe." Or, "He is a fine preacher; but then he goes through the streets puffing a cigar."

Eloquence and tobacco flowing from the same lips—the eloquence, perchance, born of the narcotic! To many a hearer the edge of the sermon is blunted by his knowledge that the preacher has a quid adroitly hidden in his mouth. The more devout the man the more deplorable the sad conjunction.

Think of a tobacco pastor ministering to the sick and suffering! Think of him approaching the bedside of a dying member of his flock, and being feebly waved away because of the sickening perfume that radiates from his whole person! Think of him as standing at the sacrament table, whereon are spread the emblems of that self-sacrificing love which surpasses mortal conception!

What must those fetters be that such considerations cannot break? Earnestly implored to give up the filthy weed, a clergyman made answer: "Not I! I will use it if it shortens my life seven years. I will live while I live."

But the case of one who justifies himself in this course is extremely rare, while many and many a good man groans under his self-imposed bondage—a bondage not one whit less degrading because of the high standing and excellent Christian character of the victim.

Writes George Trask: "I have known men to dream and rage about tobacco as madmen, when deprived of it. I have known a temperance lecturer of great distinction positively refuse to lecture until he had been furnished with a pipe of tobacco, to screw his nerves up to the point of eloquence. I know an excellent clergyman who assured me that he had sometimes wept like a child when putting a quid of tobacco in his mouth, under a sense of his degradation and bondage. I know a man who told me that tobacco was 'the dearest thing he had on earth—dearer than wife, child, church or state.'"

Pitiable thraldom! Bound hand and foot!

"Oh!" exclaimed a victim, "I need tobacco to give me resolution to give up tobacco!"

"You are wasting away under it," pleaded one minister with another. "Alas! my brother, it is true; but I cannot help it." "Would you take that excuse from a sinner?" "I cannot answer you. I cannot leave it off. It is out of the question. I cannot. I feel what you say; but—" The poor slave to this appalling appetite died not long after.

In contrast with this melancholy instance, it is refreshing to read the experience of the late Dr. Cox. "From about fifteen to thirty," he writes, "I am ashamed to say I smoke; my conscience often upbraiding me, as well as my best earthly friend. Still I made excuses. My physician, a smoker, helped me to some. So I continued, till once on board a steamer a drunken gentleman staggered up to me, exclaiming: 'Give me a —a l—ight, Dr. Cox!' I handed him my cigar. He returned it. I threw it overboard, and since have never ceased to thank my Keeper that I have been enabled to keep myself from so foul and odious a sin."

A rich man, in acknowledging the receipt of one of George Trask's tobacco books, writes: "The best proofs of its utility should be its effects upon the clergy. We can hardly expect youth to refrain from tobacco when their moral teachers set them so bad an example. When you have reformed those of your own profession, if you will apply to me, I will give fifty dollars to reform the rest of mankind."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A CHEAP CONSERVATORY.

Useful hints for the construction of a cheap conservatory may be found in the following description sent by a lady to *Vick's Magazine*. She says:—

Last February I sent you several letters of enquiry, and informed you that my love for floral pursuits was on the increase, and that I contemplated making a conservatory of my balcony. The plan for the new structure was suggested by the July number of your magazine, and I was aided by a neighbor who kindly offered to assist me in the undertaking. By his assistance I was saved the cost of putting up the sash-frames, door, transom and carpenter work in general, and we spent several evenings very pleasantly together, and finished at last at a very moderate expense, as the following statement will show.

Sash, door and transom	$14.00
Sash-strips for outside	50
80 feet lumber	2.40
4 lbs. putty	15
Butts for transom	10
Screws	05
5 lbs. mixed paint	80
Painting inside	1.00
1 lb. nails	08
Boards for shelves	1.14
1 pair brackets, small	25
2 " " large	70
Strips for shelves	1.00
	$22.17
Less amount allowed from rent by landlord	12.00
Total net cost to the present time	$10.17

Just think of it, a conservatory for $10.17! Who would do without one, if they could obtain it for so trifling an expense? I have no doubt that many of your readers possessed of small means, like myself, could obtain a conservatory nearly as cheap as the one I have. I forgot to state that most of the painting was done by myself at odd times. Of course, all landlords are not as liberal as they might be, but when a tenant tries to do justice to the property he inhabits, and instead of destroying it or let things take their course, tries to beautify his home, his actions will not go unnoticed. So, when I mentioned the subject to my landlord, it did not meet his approbation at first, but afterward he gave his consent by allowing me twelve dollars from the rent, the remainder, whatever the cost should be, I was to pay; so work was commenced at once.

In the rear of my sitting-room, on the second floor, is a balcony six feet wide, sixteen feet long and ten feet high, facing the east, which has the morning sun. A door and window open from the sitting-room. This room is heated by a register. The north and south ends of the balcony have a board partition, separating the property on either side; in the front is a railing two feet high and fourteen feet long, with a pillar in the centre to support the roof; a stairway leads to the yard below. The glass partition rests on the railing, which has been boarded up on the inside from the top of the railing to the floor. The sash consists of three frames, containing eighty-four panes of 8x10 glass with a door and transom of four panes each. The frames are matched together for strength, which does away with any extra braces that would take up room and obstruct the light. They are fastened in by screws, so that they can be taken out if occasion requires. I did not find it necessary to do so this summer, as I reduced the temperature ten degrees by throwing water over the place with a hose tipped with a fine rose. Spraying the plants and leaves has kept them clean and free from insects and dust.

I have arranged three shelves a foot wide, and fastened to the sides of them strips an inch and a half wide, and filled the shelves with river sand. The pots of plants are arranged on these shelves with moss packed between them, thus retaining the moisture in the pots. For propagating, I have six small boxes about a foot square and three inches deep, and have placed them in a position where the morning sun falls on them through the glass, and the air allowed to pass freely through them. The cuttings are kept always moist. I succeed better in this way than by placing the boxes in the shade, and do not lose so many cuttings.

My conservatory is not without a rockery, for at the northern end are some boxes of uniform size, filled with granite and feldspar, and sifted peat and well-prepared dirt. The boxes are free from the floor about an inch, which prevents decay. Among the rocks are grown Tradescantia zebrina, T. vulgaris, T. aquatica, T. repens vittata, Saxifraga sarmentosa, Panicum variegatum, Sedums, Liverworts, Ferns in variety, and Lycopodium. The conservatory is filled with a general collection of young plants, mostly greenhouse perennials, some scarce and rare, as well as those more common.

For climbers I have arranged a network of twine all round the sides and across the ceiling, and have a mass of beautiful foliage produced by Cobœa scandens, Lophospermum, Cissus discolor, Maurandya, Passiflora variegata, Myrsiphyllum asparagoides, Hoya carnosa, Clerodendrum Balfouri, Lygodium repens, and English and German Ivy.

In creepers and low-growing vines there are Torenias, Lycopodiums, Fittonias, Winter-greens, Goodyera repens, Achimènes, &c. Foliage plants are represented by Maranta zebrina, Begonia Rex, Begonia zebrina, Poinsettia, Ferns in variety, Agaves, Cacti, Crotons, Coccolobia, Hibiscus variegata, and others, besides twelve distinct varieties of fancy Caladiums. The latter I started from bulbs potted in four and six-inch pots last February with bottom heat, and they have given me one continuous mass of foliage, one bulb having nearly twenty handsome leaves. These plants have been the admiration of all who have seen them, and a leading florist of our city complimented me for such marked results, as they were far ahead of any in his collection. I kept the pots packed in moss, and standing in water, which, with the good start given them from bottom heat, no doubt had much to do with the success I had in their culture. They were exhibited on Children's Day at one of our leading churches, and were much admired, and gained the owner many kind expressions, as well as numerous offers of plants and cuttings.

I have more than a dozen varieties of Begonia, and some half dozen kinds of Abutilons; also, Ageratum, Heliotropes, Amaryllis, Crinum, Ornithogalum, Pomegranate, Echeveria, Hibiscus, Ardisia, Cuphea, Feverfew, Geraniums in great variety, Justicia, Plumbago, some twenty varieties of Roses, &c.

From the ceiling are suspended baskets, shells and globes, filled with Tradescantia, Oxalis Bowii, Othonna crassifolia, Tydea gigantea, Love and Tangle, Sedum variegata, Moneywort, Maurandya Barclayana, and fastened on boards padded with moss I have the Bryophillum growing on the wall.

TWO KINDS OF APPRENTICES.

An old plumber writes from Montreal to that useful and excellent paper, the *Sanitary Engineer* of New York, upon the apprentices he has tried to train to his business. He mentions particularly two kinds. Not the two kinds delineated by Hogarth, in his immortal series of the Good and Bad Apprentice. In the plumbing business, he says, a very good boy may turn out a very bad apprentice.

"As an illustration," he says, "take two apprentices who were under my training. One was a quiet, studious, good boy, fond of reading, of a nice appearance and attractive manner, well read, could talk correctly about the business, yet he was a poor workman.

"After his time was out he tried his hand in this city in other shops, also travelled; but he never could keep a job, and he finally had the sense to see he was not a success, and has gone into another business and is doing well at it.

"Number two was the terror of the shop, always in mischief, full of pranks, continually being complained of by the men, and, in fact, I thought I should have to discharge him, but as a last resort I gave him a kit of tools and sent him out on his own account, and he was a success from the word "go."

"He is not a reader but he has the knack of seeing into or through any little problem that comes up, or the cheek to ask for what he don't know, and is a good, reliable workman to-day, earning good wages, and I should be very sorry to lose him, and so it has been in dozens of cases that have come under my observation."

The true moral is: Find out what you are fit for, and stick to that. But we observe from some recent articles in our educational exchanges that there are among us those who explain such facts very differently. They say that apprentice number one was the victim of going to school, and apprentice number two was lucky in being ignorant.

Every business man who has had to do with numbers of boys and young men on their entrance into industrial life knows very well that the quality that makes success is neither given nor taken away by schools.

Apprentice number two had *gumption*. He was a good piece of stuff originally. He had *go* in him. He had a brain of good consistency, quick to see, to comprehend, to adapt means to ends. A school of the right kind would have improved him, as a grindstone improves a good tool by making it sharp; as a skilful temperer inproves Swedish iron into watch-spring steel.

The teacher, we firmly believe, is, in republics, next to religion, the most important, the most indispensable, of all public servants. But he is not a creator. He must have the material to work upon.

Suppose apprentice number one had not gone to school, had not become studious, polite, agreeable, and fluent. He would have been, in that case, a worthless and uncomfortable lout. As improved by the schoolmaster's cunning hand, he can fulfil with credit many useful offices.

We cannot all be presidents and plumbers. There is room in the world for the magnificent hotel clerk; for the artists who "dress" shop-windows; for the oleaginous hair-cutter and the majestic policeman.

Apprentice number one, let us hope, through the schoolmaster's aid, is serving his country well in one of these useful employments.—*Youth's Companion.*

ENTERTAINING COMPANY.—I pray you, oh excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman, who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at the village. But let this stranger see if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparingly, and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and the bed be dressed for the traveller, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge *of* hardship, so that the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, and honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.—*R. W. Emerson.*

MERINGUE RICE PUDDING.—Put two cups and a half of new milk to heat in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of two eggs with a good half-cupful of sugar; then add a tablespoonful of cornstarch, dissolved in half a cup of cold milk, and stir in the hot milk gradually. Return this mixture to the double boiler, with a cup of fresh boiled rice. Cook and stir constantly until it thickens, then flavor with vanilla and put it into a pudding-dish and into the oven until lightly colored, but be sure not to cook it long enough to curdle the custard. Beat the whites of two eggs stiff; add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and flavor with lemon; then beat again until it will not run. Spread the frosting over the top of the pudding, and place on the grating of the oven until delicately colored. It may be served warm, but is better cold.

VINEGAR, CHEAP AND GOOD.—Do not throw away your apple-peelings. They can be turned to good account in making vinegar. Have a clean, tight half barrel, or a large stone jar, and as you peel your apples for mince-meat or apple butter, throw aside any skins or cores which are decayed, and put the rest into the jar. Cover them with boiling water, and lay a cloth over the top of them as well as the cover. Set in a warm place in the cellar, and in seven or eight weeks you will find it turned into good vinegar. You can then strain it off into bowls or jugs ready for use.

BEANS WITHOUT PORK.—Soak the beans over night. In the morning put them on to boil in cold water, having first strained them. When boiled tender, skim them out into your baking dish; stir in butter the size of an egg, a little salt and a tablespoonful of molasses. Then turn a cupful of rich milk over them, or enough to cover them. Cooked in this way the top beans will be nicely browned, and at the same time be soft. This is a good recipe, and beans cooked in this way are excellent.

GREENERY FOR THE WINTER.—Mrs. Henderson, in her "Practical Cooking and Dinner-Giving," gives these directions for a simple and beautiful centre-piece for the dinner table. It would be worth trying. "Sow coarse flannel around a goblet with the stem broken off; put this shapely dome into a saucer of water; wet the flannel and sprinkle over it as much flax seed as will adhere to it. The flannel will absorb the water from the saucer, which should be often replenished. In about two weeks the flannel will be concealed in a beautiful verdure."

PUZZLES.

PI.

Kepas lulf lewl, ni ganlugea antiuq dan donle,
Eon how wedlteih yb het tasdlec neRih,
Hwne eh eladel eth lerfsow, os uleb nad ogelnd,
Sastr, taht ni rathe's niranretfin od lisen.

PECULIAR ENIGMAS.

I.

1. In night, in light, in sight,
2. In sleighing, but never in snow.
3. In mound, in found, in sound,
4. In winter, but never in blow.
5. In sing, in ring, in ding,
6. In water, but never in flow.
7. In beat, in heat, in seat,
8. In linen, but never in tow.
9. In mind, in kind, in find,
10. In woman, but never in beau.
11. In this one word we find it—fist,
    My whole is a famous novelist.

II.

1. In hum, in gum, in rum,
2. In river, but never in row.
3. In lad, in sad, in mad,
4. In David, but never in Joe.
5. In hill, in rill, in mill,
6. In feeling, but never in know.
7. In groom, in broom, in room,
8. In Bryant, but never in Poe.
9. In far, in car, in mar,
10. In silence, but never in show.
11. In this one word we find it—shove,
    My whole a work by the above.

WHAT AM I?

My whole's a part of priestly dress;
My head cut off, a bird;
Put on my head, cut off my tail,
And find another word;
A quadruped, whole call you have
When you transpose a bird.

SYLLABLE PUZZLE.

1. A tribe and a vessel.
2. A little one and a head-covering.
3. A vehicle and a people.
4. A vegetable and a fowl.
5. A soft sound and an insect.
6. Part of a republic and part of a house.
7. An ornament for the head and a vegetable.
8. An animal and a heavenly body.
9. A conjunction and a metal.
10. A sack and a tube.

GARDEN PUZZLE.

I have laid out my garden this spring to suit myself. I would have just what I pleased and as I pleased. The result is as follows: To the right of the garden-walk I have a bed containing: 1, the name of an opera and consumed; 2, what all children are fond of and a small bunch; 3, kitchen utensils and a letter; 4, herds of sheep; 5, a pronoun, a falsehood, an exclamation, and a figure of speech; and in the centre, 6, name of a blonde. To the left I have another bed containing: 7, an animal and a part of the dress; 8, a solitary man and a kind of dress trimming; 9, a swift animal and a summons to church; and 10, a fragrant name. My walk was bordered on one side by 11, a blow, and on the other by a 12, place overgrown with shrubs. Over my porch I trained 13, a state and an insect; while in the rear I have indulged in my favorites—14, the origin of light and an ornament, and, 15, an evergreen and a kind of drink.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF AUGUST 15.

A Logogriph.—Lament—Ament—Amen—Men—Me.

Rebus.—P-on-y—Pony.

Third Letter Changes.—Hose, Hope, Home, Hove, Hole.

Double Enigma.—Grosbeak—Bobolink.

Word Square.—

A G R E E
G R I L L
R I G I D
E L I T E
E L D E R

Decapitations.—1. Swan, wan. 2. Weasel, easel. 3. Fox, ox. 4. Swine, wine. 5. Goats, oats. 6. Lice, ice.

WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID.

(Concluded.)

On the next morning, Katy, and Ellen read, with quickly beating hearts, their communication in print. And they read, also, this note by the editor:

"We invite the particular attention of our readers, one and all, to the communication in to-day's paper, signed 'Two Little Girls.' From the manuscript, we are satisfied that it is just what it purports to be—the artless, earnest appeal and protest of two children against the evil of dram-selling, with which our town is cursed. On first reading the letter we thought of laying it aside, because of its reference, though not by name, to two or three prominent individuals. But a second reading and more careful thought led us to a different conclusion. We became deeply impressed with the idea that these children were moved by an impulse from heaven: that God was sending a message through them, and that we had no right to impede its utterance. So we print the letter word for word as we received it; and we trust that every man and woman into whose hands it may come will read and ponder it well. It is a cry of warning our citizens will do well to heed."

A murmur of surprise ran through the town. At first people talked half-doubtfully one to another, but soon this one and that began to speak with decision, and against the saloons. Every father who had sons became impressed with a sense of their danger; but none more strongly than Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Lyon, who did not mistake the reference of the letter to themselves. On questioning their sons, they were both grieved and alarmed to find that they went almost every day to Maloy's, or some drinking-saloon, and spent a good deal of time there, gambling in a small way with dice and cards. They had taken their first steps on the road to ruin; and the hearts of their fathers trembled at the thought of their peril.

On the very next day, the *Banner* contained a call for a town-meeting to consider the question of shutting up the drinking-saloons; and on the next Sunday every minister preached against them.

Public sentiment, always so powerful for good or evil, took in this matter the right direction, and in less than two weeks every bar and dram-shop in the place was closed.

And all this great and good work was begun by two little girls; children, who did not feel that they had any power in themselves to check the flood of evil sweeping in such a destructive current over their town. What seemed to them right, they did; and God, who works for good through the weak as well as the strong, made them instruments of blessing, as He will make every one of us, if we, in singleness of heart, do the best we can to help the weak and save those who are in peril.—*Selected.*

LOVE TO CHRIST grudges not to bestow its costliest gift upon his little ones.

MR. WEAVER'S PRESENT OF FLOWERS TO ELLEN AND KATY.

THEIR REWARD.

A SEQUEL TO "WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID."

Neither Katy Bland nor Ellen Hartley slept very soundly on the night after they sent their communication to the *Banner*. Each had an impression that when their letter was read there would be an excitement in the town; and they naturally felt anxious about it.

At breakfast time, next morning, Mr. Bland, who was reading the *Banner* while he sipped his coffee, suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, I declare!"

"What is it?" asked Mrs Bland, looking across the table at her husband.

"Just listen," and he read aloud the letter signed, "TWO LITTLE GIRLS." The tell-tale flushes were on Katy's cheeks, but neither her father nor her mother noticed them.

"Well, I declare!" echoed Mrs. Bland, as her husband finished reading the communication. "I wonder whose little girls they are."

"They've hit the nail plump on the head, no matter who they are," replied Mr. Bland, "and I'm mistaken if it doesn't make a stir in town."

"Who do they mean by the lawyer whose son visits the saloon?" asked Mrs. Bland.

"Why, lawyer Jacobs, of course. I've seen his Harry going in and coming out of Maloy's a dozen times in the last month; and I'm told Will Lyon is just as bad. It's time they were taken in hand, and I guess they will be now."

"Oh dear! I hope so," sighed Mrs. Bland, her eyes turning with an instinct of danger upon her own little boy, not ten years of age, who sat eating his breakfast.

Ellen Hartley, as her father opened the *Banner* that morning, held her breath in suspense. She was a timid little girl, almost afraid of her shadow, as we say sometimes. The stronger will and firmer courage of her friend Katy had led her to take a share in this work of trying to wake up the people to a sense of their danger; but no sooner was their letter to the editor beyond recall than doubt and fear crept into her mind and caused her great uneasiness. She felt sure that everybody would know who the "Two Little Girls" were. So, when she saw her father open the *Banner*, her heart began to flutter, and she held her breath in suspense.

"Oh, I hope the editor hasn't published our letter!" she said to herself. Her eyes were fixed intently on her father, and she saw him glance up and down the columns, and at last commence reading something that had attracted his attention. He read very earnestly, the lines on his forehead growing strong from increasing attention. Then he let the paper fall upon his knees, and sat looking very grave and thoughtful for some time. Ellen's heart was still in a tremor.

Lifting the paper again, Mr. Hartley looked toward his wife and said.

"Mother, listen to this," and he read the letter signed, "Two Little Girls." As he did so, Ellen turned herself so much away that her face could not be seen, and with her book in her hand pretended to be reading.

Mrs. Hartley drew a long breath as her husband finished reading the letter, and then exclaimed with fervor:

"Bless their dear little hearts! They have gone right to the core of this matter, and if the men and women don't bestir themselves now, they ought to hide their faces in shame. I wonder who they are? I'd like of all things to know."

"It was just as much as Ellen could do to keep from throwing herself into her mother's arms and telling her all about it. But she was able to restrain herself.

"You have said the right words," answered Mr. Hartley. "Yes, they have indeed gone to the core of this matter. I never saw it just in the light they have thrown upon it. These rum-sellers do no good in the world by their traffic, but an immense amount of harm; why, then, should we permit them to carry on their trade of ruin to the bodies and souls of men and boys in our midst? Without the consent and permission of the people in town it could not be done, and by con-

senting, we share in the guilt of all the harm that follows. I am for letting every one have the largest possible liberty; but freedom to hurt the neighbor goes beyond the limit of right. It is the duty of good citizens by every means in their power to restrain selfish and reckless men from making gain in their midst by that which hurts and destroys. Human souls are sacred things, and their well-being of too great concern for us to hesitate in a question like this. Let all the saloons and grog-shops be shut up, say I."

"Why, father!" cried Mrs. Hartley, in surprise and pleasure; "you a convert to the prohibitory doctrine!"

"Yes, if to stop twenty men, in a community of three thousand, from doing what hurts or endangers all the rest, is to be on the side of prohibitory laws, I range myself on that side."

"And these two little girls have converted you."

"Yes, if you will have it so; bless their innocent hearts!"

Now Ellen could stand this no longer. Rising, she crossed the room, and pressing close to her father, looked up to him, her face all aglow with happy feelings.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Hartley, into whose mind came a sudden suspicion of the truth. "Are you one of these little girls?"

Ellen hid her face on his bosom, trembling with the excitement of her new-born pleasure.

"Why, darling! I'm so proud of you!" said Mr. Hartley, hugging her close to his breast.

"And who is the other little girl?" asked Mrs. Hartley, after kissing Ellen and smiling her hearty approval.

"Katy Bland," answered Ellen. "She wrote the letter after we'd talked about it. It all came of my taking the old sieve over to Mrs. Weaver. But, oh, don't tell anybody, please! Katy's father might not like it; and we promised to keep it all to ourselves. I didn't mean to say anything even to you; but I couldn't help it when I saw you so pleased."

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley promised to keep their daughter's secret.

The *Banner* carried conviction into many other families on that long-to-be-remembered morning; but into none did it come with a more startling power than into those of Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Lyon, who understood that it was their sons who were referred to as visiting the drinking-saloon. The two boys, questioned closely by their fathers, confessed that they often went to Maloy's saloon, not only to drink but to gamble in a small way with cards and dice.

During the forenoon Mr. Jacobs, the eloquent lawyer, had a visit from Mr. Lyon. No arguments were used by one to convince the other that drinking-bars were a curse to their town and ought to be abolished. The "Two Little Girls" had settled that matter, to their minds, beyond all controversy. The only question with them was as to the means of arousing the people. A plan for doing this was arranged, and at once acted upon. The very next issue of the *Banner* contained a call for a town-meeting to consider the evil of drink-selling. Never before had there been so large an assemblage of the people as came together in answer to this call; and never had Mr. Jacobs been known to speak with such strong and fiery eloquence. When a few brief, decided resolutions were offered, declaring that liquor-selling was productive of evil only and ought to be abolished in that town, the vast crowd sent up their "ayes" with a shout that was heard for miles. Then the president of the meeting, in the hush that followed, said, in a clear voice.

"Let all who are opposed to these resolutions say 'Nay.'"

A dead silence rested on the multitude. Not a voice took up the word. Then rang out, clear and strong.

"The resolutions are carried."

At which a shout went up that made the very earth tremble.

The two little girls were there, glad, though bewildered spectators of this strangely impressive scene, their agency unknown to any but themselves and their parents, to whom alone their secret had been confided.

The people, thoroughly alive to the danger in their midst, acted promptly. One half of the saloon-keepers closed their doors at once under the influence of public opinion. The other half held on until restrained by the will of the people acting through the force of law.

What a change there was. If, before shutting up the dram-shops, many good people had questioned the right or the utility of doing so, none of them doubted now. There was scarcely a man, woman, or child in the town who did not see a change for the better in some poor family kept wretched before through the vice of drunkenness. There were fewer idle and vicious boys about, the sons of men who had once drunk, but, now that temptation was removed, grown sober, and more mindful of the true well-being of their children.

All this was talked of freely, and of course Katy and Ellen were constantly seeing and hearing about the good their appeal to the people had wrought. Their pleasure was indeed great. But still their agency in the good work was known only to themselves and their parents, who thought it best for their children to remain out of sight, and so held their secret for them, and urged them to keep silence also.

"Let a knowledge of the good you have done, my child," said Mrs. Bland, in talking with Katy, "be your chief reward. I am sure that you and Ellen will be happier in thinking of the well-being and happiness that others enjoy through what you did than if you were to have praises from every tongue. Almost in spite of yourselves, you would feel elated by this praise; and at last come to think, maybe, that you were two of the wisest persons in town, even if you were only little girls; when the real truth is, that God put this thing into your hearts, and you were His humble instruments in doing a great and good work; and He will reward you with a heart-pleasure deeper and purer than anything the praises of men can give. If any one knew about this your minds might become bewildered and disturbed by what you would hear; and you would be all the while tempted to take to yourselves the praise that belongs to God."

Katy felt that all this was so, and it made her the more careful of her secret.

One day late in the afternoon—it was more than three months since the new order of things began—Katy and her friend Ellen met on their way from school, and instead of returning directly home, took a walk together through the upper part of the town, intending to visit a little friend who was sick. As they were passing along, Ellen said, as she looked across the street.

"I *do* believe that is Mrs. Weaver. She moved away from our neighborhood some time ago. But see how nicely she is dressed."

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To lead us daily nearer God.

The Family Circle.

THE LORD'S-DAY.

O day of rest and gladness!
O day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright
On thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One!

On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land:
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things abov

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH.

THE LOST AND FOUND VIOLIN.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE NEUMARK, HYMN-WRITER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

I.

The Thirty Years' War was over, and Germany rested from her work of blood. It was about the year 1650, two years after the conclusion of peace, that there lived a young man in one of the dirtiest and narrowest streets of Hamburg. He had no visitors, and all that the people in the house knew of him was that during the greater part of the day he played upon his violin with such taste and feeling that crowds of listeners stood before the door to enjoy his playing. It was his habit at mid-day to go out for his meals to a miserable eating-house which was chiefly patronized by beggars. Sometimes he would leave the house at twilight with a mysterious bundle under his threadbare shiny black cloak, and it was noticed that on the following day he was always ready to pay his bill. His observant landlady, Frau Johannsen, took note of all this. Full of curiosity, she followed him unobserved one evening, and found to her sorrow that he went into a well-known pawn-shop. At length all was clear to her, and the kind-hearted woman determined to help him if she could. After a few days she ventured to knock at his door. It grieved her to the heart, when she entered, to see nothing but her own well-used furniture; everything belonging to the young man had disappeared except his shabby old violin, which stood in one corner, while the poor fellow sat in the other, his face buried in his hands.

'Herr Neumark,' said the landlady, 'do not take it ill of me that I have used the liberty of coming to see you, but as for two days now you have not gone out, and we have heard scarcely any music, I thought you might be ill. If I could do anything for you——'

'Thanks, thanks, my good friend,' answered he in a feeble voice, and with a piteous tone of gratitude. 'I am not confined to my bed, as you see, and have no fever, but I am unwell—very unwell.'

'Then you should by all means go to bed.'

'No,' answered he quickly, and blushed deeply.

'But you must,' cried Frau Johannsen confidently. 'Now let me help you; I am an old woman, old enough to be your mother, and I will just now go and set your bed straight.'

'I beg you not to trouble yourself,' he answered, and sprang quickly before the door of the bedroom. It was too late; the good woman had already seen there was nothing there but a sack of straw and the old cloak which he threw round him in the evening when he went out.

'My good woman,' said Neumark eagerly, 'you are perhaps troubled for fear I should not be able to pay my next rent; but be comforted. I am poor, but honest. It is often hard enough, but up to this I have not been wholly without means.

'Herr Neumark,' answered she with some emotion, 'we ourselves have not much, but sometimes more than enough—as, for example, to-day; and if you will allow me, as I know you have not been able to go out——'

The young man crimsoned; he stood up, walked up and down the room, then turning to her said with evident exertion, 'You are right; I have eaten nothing to-day. I——'

Without waiting for another word the good woman left the room, and soon returned with a modest little repast.

"Now it is not for the sake of asking,' said she when the meal was over, 'but you are surely not of this town. Do you not know any one here?'

'No, nobody; I am a stranger here, and you are the first who has spoken to me in a friendly manner; God reward you for it.'

'Very good. Now if it is not impolite I would willingly ask you something else. Who are you? What do you call yourself? Why are you here? What is your calling? Are you a musician? Are your parents living? What are you doing in Hamburg?' Here she stopped for breath.

The young man smiled at his good-natured examiner, and began, 'My name is George Neumark. My parents were townspeople of Mulhausen, and are both dead. I was born there twenty-nine years ago, on the 16th March, 1621. We have had hard times there since then, and I have eaten my daily bread with tears; yes, I have often had to seek it with bitter tears. But I dared not become impatient, nor murmur against the Lord my God. I know now He will help me.'

'But how do you expect to find the means of support?' interrupted the good woman.

'I have studied law,' he answered, 'but it has yielded me nothing. I am by nature a man of peace, and have little taste for lawsuits and quarrels. My profession was a fatal mistake; it would have been better for me—— But I will continue my story. Ten long years I suffered want and hunger at the Latin school near my birthplace, where I learned that the wisdom of the world would not give me bread. At twenty-two I went to study law at Konigsberg. It was far to travel, but I fled from the cruel conflicts which were destroying my country. I escaped from the horrors of war only to be exposed to the equally great horror of fire; I lost in the flames all my worldly goods to the last dollar, and had now become a beggar.'

'Poor man! did not this make you despair?'

'I must not appear better than I was. When I strove in the great city alone for my daily bread without friend or assistance, my heart failed me sometimes; but the good God had pity and I learned to bear my cross, and was well in mind and body.'

'But by what means did you live?'

'By the gift of God you must know that I am somewhat of a poet, and, as you already know, I have some skill in playing on the violoncello, and thus by degrees I found friends and benefactors who helped—sparingly enough, though.'

'And did you stay in Konigsberg until you came here?'

'No,' answered he with a deep sigh. 'After three years I went to Dantzic, hoping to earn my bread there, and when I was deceived in this I went further on to Thoon, where I was rewarded for waiting. God led to me many dear souls, who took me up as a friend and brother. In spite of all this, however, I could find no appointment, and at length I determined to seek in my own town what had been denied me elsewhere. When I arrived here it seemed to me as if God said 'stop,' but it must have been the voice of my own will, for you know things have not gone very brilliantly with me.'

'But tell me, then,' said the landlady, 'what kind of appointment are you wanting?'

'If it were God's will I could support myself as secretary to some one.'

'Then you are not a musician?'

'Yes, and no. I can play a little for my own pleasure, but not enough to earn my bread. My good woman, I could go on and tell you much of the wonderful mercy of God to me in my misery, as I have wandered with my dear old violin—my last and only friend in this world now. But will you not excuse me?' said he as a faint smile crossed his countenance; 'this is just the hour in which I should speak to a gentleman to whom I have applied for a situation.'

II.

Nathan Hirsch, the Jew pawnbroker, lived in a narrow dirty street which led to the port. Late in the evening, a young man in shabby attire entered the dark close shop.

'Good evening, Herr Neumark,' said the Jew. 'What brings you here so late? Have you no patience until to-morrow?'

'No, Nathan; if I had waited until to-morrow I would never have come, perhaps. What will you give me for this violoncello?'

'Now what should I do with that great fiddle?' whined the Jew.

'That you know well enough, Nathan. Here, put it up in the corner behind those things, and tell me what you will give me.'

Nathan took the instrument, and looked at it on all sides, and said as he laid it down,—

'What will I give you for a great bit of wood and a pair of old strings? I have seen violins with silver and mother-of-pearl, but here is nothing but wood.'

'Listen,' said Neumark; 'five long years did I lay by dollar after dollar, suffering want and hunger, until I had saved five crowns to buy this instrument. Lend me two crowns upon it. I will give you three when I come to redeem it.'

The Jew threw up his hands and clasped them over his head. 'Two crowns, did you say? What shall I do if you are not able to redeem it.'

'Nathan,' answered the young man in a low but firm voice, 'you know not how my whole soul is bound up in this violin. It is my only earthly property, my only friend now in this world. Would you take my very soul?'

'Why not?—and if you were not able to redeem that, it would be mine too. But what would the Jew do with your soul?'

'Hush, Jew! But it was my own fault. That Saviour whom thy people crucified has already redeemed my soul with a costly sum. Thy want of faith has led thee to speak thus. But His I am, and He will never leave me in my need. It is hard that I must sacrifice the dearest, now; but He will help me. I tell thee, Nathan, I will pay thee.'

'You cannot deceive me with such foolish hopes, young man. Did you not tell me a rich merchant was about to help you?'

'Herr Siebert? Yes, I went to him to-day, but the place has been filled up; he said I was too late.'

'Well, I am dealing with you, and you only. Take your old fiddle away.

'Nathan, I am a stranger here. Bethink you of the time when you were a stranger, and the God of Israel helped you.'

'I am dealing with you only.'

'Give me at least a crown and a half.'

'A crown and a half! Have I not already told you no one would give you a crown and a half for a bit of wood worth only a few pence?'

'You are a hard, cruel man!' With these words the young man seized his beloved violin and rushed out of the shop.

'Hold, young man; business is business. I will give you a crown.'

'A crown and a half, Nathan; to-morrow I must pay out a crown, and what will I have left to live on? Have mercy!'

'I have said one crown, but for friendship's sake I will give you one and a quarter; but understand with six percent interest on every gulden for eight days, and more for the next week, and if then you cannot redeem it the instrument will be mine.'

'It is hard, but I must submit. God help me!'

'He is good and faithful, the God of my fathers, and has helped me,' whined the Jew, 'otherwise I could not possibly have lost as I do by this bargain. I will make but small profits. It must stand as it is; you need not come back again.'

Neumark answered nothing; he fixed his eyes upon his beloved violin, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

'Nathan, I have only one request to make. You cannot know how hard it is for me to part with this old friend. Ten years long have we held to one another. In my greatest misery it has always sung back hope and courage to me. I would almost as soon have given you my heart's blood as this beloved comforter. Among all the heavy hearts that have ever left your shop, none have been sadder than mine is this day.' His voice trembled, and he stood silent for a moment. 'Only this one favor you must do me, Nathan; let me play once more on my violin.' And without waiting for an answer he turned to the place where it stood.

'Stop!' cried the Jew in an angry tone. 'My shop would have been closed an hour since, had it not been for you and your old fiddle. Come to-morrow—or, better still, do not come at all.

'No! to-day—now!' cried Neumark, 'I must say farewell.' And while he held and half-embraced the instrument, he seated himself on an old chest in the middle of the shop, and began to play with such singular feeling and softness that the Jew, in spite of himself, was obliged to listen. After several touches of the bow, he began to sing, to a melody of his own, two verses from the hymn,

'It is enough; now lift my spirit hence,
To Zion's heights, O Lord!'

'It is enough,' broke in the Jew. 'What is the use of this lament? You have a crown and a quarter in your pocket.' But the singer was deaf. Buried in his own thoughts, he played on. Suddenly the strain changed; a few long-drawn touches, and the melody poured forth anew like a stream that comes glancing into sunshine out from the shadow of overhanging trees.

He sang louder and louder, and his countenance became almost radiant with a happy smile.

'But who knows, how precious is the cross?'

'This is better; stop there!' croaked the Jew, 'and do not forget that you have a crown and a quarter in your pocket. Also in fourteen days the thing is mine if you have not redeemed it.' Hereupon he turned away, muttering thoughtfully to himself, 'What shall I do with this great bit of wood?'

Neumark put his violin carefully back into the corner, saying softly, 'As God wills: I am content,' and left the shop without another word. As he rushed out into the darkness he stumbled against a man who appeared to have been standing in the doorway to listen to the music.

'Your pardon, sir, but may I ask if you are the person who has been making such sweet music.'

'Yes,' answered Neumark, and pushed forward.

The stranger seized him by the coat. 'Pardon me; I am only a poor man, but the hymn you have just sung has gone to my soul. Could you not tell me where I could get it? I am only a servant, but I would give a gulden for a copy. It seems to me it was written expressly for me.'

'My good friend,' answered Neumark, 'I will gladly fulfil your wish without the gulden. May I ask who you are?'

'At your service, sir, John Gutig, servant to the Swedish Ambassador, Baron von Rafenkranz.'

'Well, come to me to-morrow, early. You will find me at Frau Johannsen's in the next street. Good night.'

A week after this, Gutig appeared for the second time at Neumark's door. 'I beg your pardon, sir, you will perhaps think me too forward, but I have prayed over this thing the whole night, and I hope you will——'

'How, a second copy of the hymn? Certainly, with all my heart,' said Neumark in a friendly tone.

'Oh no, sir, not that. I have my copy safe in my Bible, and even if it were lost, I know it now as well as I do the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. You see, yesterday—but I hope you will not take it amiss.'

'Don't trouble yourself, my good fellow, only go on.'

'Well, then, you see, sir, the Ambassador has

a secretary; yesterday he suddenly disappeared, no one knows where, but we suppose our master has dismissed him for embezzling. As I was waiting upon his Excellency at bedtime last night, he said to me, "My secretary is gone, and I do not know where to find another as experienced." I felt I cannot tell you how. Your name came at once into my head. You must know, sir, the secretary sleeps in the house, eats at my master's table, and has a hundred crowns a year. I said at once, "Your Excellency, I know some one." "I trow," said he, laughing, "hast thou a secretary among thy friends?" "No, Excellency," said I, "I am not so presumptuous as to reckon him among my acquaintance, but I know him." In short, sir, I told my master all.'

'All?' interrupted Neumark. 'Even how you met me first in Nathan's pawnshop?'

'Yes, all that,' answered Gutig; 'and if I have done wrong, I am very sorry; but my heart was so full. My master took no notice of that, but made me fetch your hymn, that he might see your handwriting. "Handwriting and poetry both out of the common," said he as he laid it down. "If the young man will come to see me, I will think over it; perhaps he may suit me." I felt then a little uneasy at the thought you might be offended, and, between this fear and the wish you might get the place, I could scarcely wait for the dawn. The Ambassador likes early visits, and if you will not think me rude, I would advise your coming at once.'

Neumark without replying walked up and down the room.

'Yes,' said he. 'The ways of the Lord are wonderful. They who trust in Him shall want no good thing.' Then turning to the servant he said, 'God reward you for what you have done; I will go with you.'

The Ambassador received him kindly. 'You are a poet, I perceive,' said he, 'by these verses. Do you only write hymns?'

'I do not call myself a poet, sir. It is the burden of the Cross which has drawn from me whatever may be called poetry. And such a gift belongs only to the poor of this world.'

'You are mistaken, young man,' said the Ambassador, 'and your experience is limited. Our King Gustavus Adolphus, in the glory and glitter of the throne, has composed and sung many a noble Christian song. You are poor, very poor, if my servant's account is correct. Has poverty ever driven you to doubt God's goodness?'

'God be praised, never; although I have sometimes been near it, He has always restored my faith and given me an inner peace. Has He not said, "The poor ye have always with you," and in another place He calls us "Blessed?" He Himself became poor for our sakes, and he commanded the Gospel to be preached to the poor, and even "the poor," says the Apostle, "make many rich." When one thinks of all this, it is in the end not so hard to submit to poverty.'

'Bravely answered like a Christian man,' said the Ambassador. 'Some day we may have an opportunity of returning to this subject. I hear you have studied law. Do you think you could arrange some papers which require a knowledge of law and diplomatic matters?'

'If your Excellency would entrust them to me, I could very well try.'

'Good; take these papers, and read them through. They contain enquiries from the Chancellor Okjenstierna, and the answers I will take up as soon as I am able. Bring me a summary of the whole; you can take your own time, and as soon as you are ready knock at the next door.'

The next Evening Neumark left the house of the Ambassador with a radiant countenance, and as he hurried through the streets he murmured to himself, a smile playing about his lips, 'Yes, yes,

'"He whom the God of love and power
Hath chosen for His own."'

His way led him by the shop of the Jew.

'Give me my violoncello, Nathan,' cried he. 'Here is a crown and a quarter, and one gulden to boot. Do not look so astonished; you traded on my need, and had I been one single hour beyond the two weeks, you would have put five crowns in your pocket. Still I am thankful for what you have lent me, without which I must have left Hamburg as a beggar. Moreover, I do not think you have done this yourself, you have been an instrument in God's hand. You know nothing of the joy of a Christian when he delivers a brother from trouble; therefore I will reward you in your beloved coin: here is an extra golden gulden—and one thing, mark you,

"Who trusts in God's Almighty hand
Will find he has not built on sand."

Saying this, Neumark seized his dear violin triumphantly, and hastened with rapid steps to his lodging. He did not stop until he found himself in his own room; there seating himself, he began to play in such a heavenly manner that the good woman of the house ran in and besieged him with questions. He listened, continuing to play and sing, until the landlady hardly knew herself whether she was in heaven or on earth. 'Are you still here?' said he, pausing at last. 'Well, my good friend, do me the favor to gather together all the people in the house, and all who are standing round the door in the street. Bring them all in, and I will sing them a song they have never heard before, for I am the most blessed man in Hamburg. Go, go, good woman, and gather me a congregation to whom I will preach a sermon by my violin."

In a few moments the room was filled. Neumark drew a few soft touches, and in a clear voice sang these words:—

'He whom the God of love and power
Hath chosen for His own,
Will comfort find in each dark hour,
And light to lead him on.

'Of what avail our heavy cares?
Of what avail our sighs and tears?
In vain as each day comes and goes,
We murmur o'er our pains and woes;
Alas! we heavier make the cross
Which God ordains for gain not loss.

'In quietness and confidence,
Await we still the appointed hour,
And watch our gracious God fulfil
His wondrous work of grace and power.
God who on us has laid His choice,
Knows what will make each heart rejoice.

'God orders each sweet hour of joy,
Unerring knows the best for all!
His piercing glance sinks deep within,
And searches out each darling sin;
But to the servant faithful found
The blessings of the Lord abound.'

Here the singer's voice failed; he trembled, and the tears ran down his cheeks. The little assemblage stood spellbound, tears in every eye. At length Frau Johannsen, no longer able to contain herself, burst forth. 'Beloved, worthy sir!' she began, drying her eyes with the corner of her apron, 'that sounds exactly as if we were in church, where I sometimes sit and forget all my cares, and think on God in Heaven and the Lord Christ on the cross!'

'Yes,' cried Neumark, 'all this has God done for me. Only think of it, I am now secretary to the Swedish Ambassador here in Hamburg, and have a hundred crowns a year; and to make my joy full, his Excellency has given me twenty-five in advance, that I might be able to redeem my beloved violin. Is the Lord not a wonderful and merciful God? Yes, yes, dear people, be sure of this,

"Who leans on God's Almighty hand
Will find he has not built on sand."

'But this beautiful hymn, sir, where did you get it? I know the whole hymn-book by heart, but this hymn I do not remember. Did you compose it?'

'I?—yes. Yes, I am the instrument, the harp, but God touches the strings. "Who leans on God's Almighty Hand"—these words lay like a soft burden on my heart. I thought of them over and over until they formed themselves into a song of praise. You say, How? That I cannot tell. I began to play and sing for joy, and my heart lifted itself up to the Lord, and word for word came forth like water from a spring. Enough now, though. Listen once more.

"And think not thou when sore oppressed
That thou by God forgotten art,
Or that the man who seems more blessed
Is held more closely to His heart,
Wait thou the end—things alter much,
God will the true awards adjust.

"All things are easy to our God,
To Him alike both great and small;
He can the rich man's treasures take.
The poor man rich and great to make.
Our God with wonder-working power
Exalts and casts down in an hour.

"Sing, pray, and go in God's own way.
Be faithful through the live-long day,
Watch for the promised heavenly blessing,
Soon will it come all woes redressing.
For those who on God's love depend
Will find Him ready to defend."'

As he ceased for the last time, he was so moved that he was obliged to put his violin aside, and the little congregation went silently out.

This is the history of the most comforting of all the German hymns—one which contains the best sermon for troubled, sorrowing hearts.

Two years later, Baron von Rosenkranz procured the post of librarian and keeper of the archives at Weimar for his secretary, and thence Neumark went happily home in his eighty-sixth year. He wrote many hymns, but the most valuable he left to the Church was the one which he sang in the simplicity of his heart, when the good God gave him back his violin. —*Day of Rest.*

"IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS."

"It's none of my business," said Peter Martin, as he passed Farmer Hyde's orchard and saw one of his neighbor's sons stealing apples. "Let Ryder look after his own boys."

And he trudged on home, meeting Mr. Ryder by the way. His first impulse was to tell the neighbor about his son, but he checked the impulse, saying in his mind—"Let him find out for himself; it's none of my business. I'd get his ill-will instead of his thanks, most likely."

It so happened that this was Jim Ryder's first offence, and if Martin had told his father, the reproof or punishment that would have followed might have saved the boy from further crime. But escaping detection and punishment, he was encouraged to go on in evil.

But it was Martin's business, even in the narrow and selfish sense in which he had expressed himself. He would have made it his business if some one had introduced a fever-breeding nuisance into the neighborhood to the serious peril of his family.

On that very evening Jim Ryder met Martin's son, Edward, a lad three years younger, and gave him a couple of nice red apples.

"Where did you get them?" asked Edward as he ate the spicy fruit.

"You'll not tell?"

"Oh no, indeed."

"Well, then, I got them down at Mr. Hyde's orchard. I was going along there, and the apples looked so tempting I could not resist. Mr. Hyde's got bushels and bushels, and he'll never miss them."

The boys talked it over, and the elder one persuaded the younger that there was no great harm in taking a few apples. The only thing was not to be found out. And they agreed to go round together on the next afternoon, and help themselves to as many as they could carry.

Peter Martin was returning home on the next day, and just as he got near Farmer Hyde's orchard, he heard a great outcry and barking of dogs; and soon after, he saw Jim Ryder leap over the fence and run swiftly down the road.

"Ah, you young rascal!" he said to himself. "Been stealing apples again."

He was moving on, when he heard himself called. Looking round he saw Farmer Hyde, and he saw something else that made his heart sink like lead in his bosom—he saw his own little boy Edward in the tight grip of the angry farmer's hand!

"Been stealing my apples!" said the farmer.

At a single bound Peter Martin was over the fence, and standing with pale lips before the farmer and his frightened boy, he cried—"Oh, Ned! Ned!" in sorrow and shame. "To think that you could have done a mean and wicked thing like this."

"I wouldn't have thought of it, father," answered the trembling, white-faced child, "if it hadn't been for Jim Ryder. He said he got some yesterday, and that it wasn't any harm."

"The greatest rogue has got off, as is usual in such cases," said Farmer Hyde; the anger going out of his heart at the sight of the father's pain. "But there is harm, my boy," speaking gravely but kindly to Edward, "in taking what doesn't belong to you. It is stealing."

Peter Martin went home that day a wiser man, and with some clearer notions of his responsibility in the life around him.—*British Workman.*

PLAYING MARBLES.

We wonder how many boys who read this "play marbles for keeps." We know one boy who thinks it a disgrace to do it. It is gambling in a small way, just as though you were playing for money. The marbles you win are not really yours, and you have no right to them. The boy from whom you win them never feels quite as kindly toward you after you have taken his marbles. It helps you to do other questionable things more easily. On just the same principle you could throw twenty-five cent pieces, and keep all you made. Your pocket might be full and the other boy's empty, but it would be no more nor less than gambling or stealing. Play for mere play and a good time. Marbles are yours only as you buy them, or as they are voluntarily given to you.—*Methodist.*

Question Corner.—No. 17.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

193. Whose feast was interrupted by handwriting on the wall?
194. What was the meaning of the handwriting, and by whom was it interpreted?
195. Who was cured of a loathsome disease by bathing in the river Jordan?
196. What is the first miracle performed by Christ of which we have any record?
197. Who were the father and mother of John the Baptist?
198. In what city was Christ when a man sick of the palsy was let down through the roof to be cured?
199. In what city was Christ preaching when the people tried to cast him down from the brow of the hill?
200. At what pool did Christ heal a man who had had an infirmity for thirty-eight years?
201. Name three women who at different times overcame the enemies of Israel.
202. What transgression, frequent before, is not recorded against the Jews after the Babylonian captivity?
203. What was Gideon's other name, and by whom was it given him?
204. What relation was Esther to Mordecai?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. He was sent by an angel into the South. And met with success, for God opened his mouth.
2. When a friend, dearly loved, came knocking quite late,
   This damsel was tending the praying-room gate.
3. His conduct was pleasing to God here on earth.
4. His daughter adopted a son of low birth.
5. He was called on account of a gifted tongue.
6. In the days of the harvest his sons were hung.
7. A priest who received from a king a decree.
8. This word has a meaning like—Thus it shall be.
9. Was confined to his bed for a term of years.
10. Her corpse was surrounded by widows in tears.
11. He prayed, and the Lord added years to his life.
12. This beautiful maiden became a loved wife.
13. Was sent as a helpmate and blessing to man.
14. The king of this country went up against Dan.
15. This color is somewhere applied to a hair.

    A message my primals will boldly declare.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

169. Death of the first born. Ex. xi. 5.
170. The darkness over the land of Egypt. Ex. x. 22, 23.
171. At the crucifixion. Matt. xxvii 45.
172. Proverbs xxii. 6.
173. Three thousand. Ex. xxxii. 28.
174. The brazen Serpent destroyed by Hezekiah. 2 Kings xviii. 4.
175. Jonah's gourd. Jonah iv. 6, 7.
176. To shelter Jonah.
177. Nicodemus. John iii. 2.
178. Simon, a Cyrenian. Mark xv. 21.
179. Mercurius, by the heathen at Lystra, when he healed the cripple. Acts xiv. 12.
180. Barnabas. Acts xiv. 12.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 15.—Mary E. Coates, 12.

To No. 14.—Annie D. Burr, 12; Alex. George Burr, 12; Andrew Paterson, 9; W. S. Nicholson, 9; "La Reine de Fife," 6; W. H. Simmons, 6.

To No. 13.—Aggie J. Doherty, 12; Samuel Macdonald, 13; Annie Burr, 11 ac; Alex. George Burr, 11 ac; David Arnott, 11; Andrew Paterson, 11; Annie Syreen 10 ac; Agnes Murdoch, 10; Caroline G. Patillo, ac.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON I.

OCT. 2.] FREE GIVING.

Exod. 35: 25-35.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 29.

25. And all the women that were wise hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen.

26. And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair.

27. And the rulers brought onyx stones, and stones to be set, for the ephod, and for the breastplate;

28. And spice, and oil for the light, and for the anointing oil, and for the sweet incense.

29. The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work, which the Lord had commanded to be made by the hand of Moses.

30. And Moses said unto the children of Israel, See, the Lord hath called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah;

31. And he hath filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship;

32. And to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass,

33. And in the cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work.

34. And he hath put in his heart that he may teach, both he, and Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan.

35. Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work.

GOLDEN TEXT.—God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—All are stewards.

INTRODUCTORY.—After Israel's idolatrous sin, the Lord heard Moses' prayer in behalf of the people. He renewed the tables of the law and his covenant with the nation, and also his instructions concerning the Tabernacle and worship of the people. Moses communicates these to the assembled Israelites, and they at once prepare their contributions for the building and its furniture.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that every body gave something to the Lord's cause, and each one according to his means and ability. Do you give with a like spirit and liberality?

NOTES.—BEZALEEL, ("in the shadow of God") of the tribe of Judah, son of Uri, and grandson of Hur, Exod. 31: 2, therefore was of the same family from which king David was descended, 1 Chron. 2: 50, 51, cf., Ruth 4: 21, 22. He was the chief artist to whom was confided the fashioning and supervision of the ornamentation, etc., of the Tabernacle. His special work was in metal, wood and stone.—AHOLIAB, ("tent of his father"), of the tribe of Dan, and son of Ahisamach, Bezaleel's assistant, to whom was specially entrusted the fashioning of the textile fabrics, weaving, embroidering, etc.—EPHOD, "vestment," the distinctive garment of the high-priest, woven of twined linen and wool in three colors, blue, purple and scarlet. It consisted of two parts, one covering the back, the other the front, from shoulders to waist. On each shoulder these parts were clasped together by a large onyx stone; while a girdle of the same material with it, gathered them at the waist, Exod. 28: 6-12.—BREAST-PLATE, "ornament," a piece of the same material as the ephod, two spans long and one wide, doubled over so as to form a square-shaped kind of bag. It had, fastened upon it, 12 precious stones, and was worn on the breast of the high-priest over the ephod, Ex. 28: 15-30.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) GIVERS AND THEIR GIFTS. (II.) WORKMEN AND THEIR WORK.

I. GIVERS AND THEIR GIFTS.—(25-29.) WISE-HEARTED, see 28: 3; comp. Prov. 2: 6; 1: 7; SPIN, the women spun the raw wool and flax into yarn, and then dyed it and gave it to Aholiab; BLUE, PURPLE AND SCARLET, it was probably wool that was thus dyed, not the flax for linen. Dyeing was fully understood and practised by the Egyptians, and therefore also by the Israelites; GOATS' HAIR, course cloth made of this was much used in the east, and also by the Romans, for tents; RULERS, see 1 Chron. 29: 6. Being the wealthier, they gave the more costly gifts; ONYX, a precious stone often mentioned in Scripture, Gen. 2: 12; 1 Chron. 29: 2, Job 28: 16; Ezek. 28: 13; of different colors; valued for engraving; used as shoulder clasps of the ephod, and one of the 12 stones in the breast-plate, Exod. 28: 9, 20; SPICE, the spices used in making the anointing oil and incense are mentioned in chap. 30: 23, 24, 34; OIL FOR THE LIGHT, i.e., the candlestick and lights in the Tabernacle; this oil was made from olives beaten in a mortar; ANOINTING OIL, for its components and use, see Exod. 30: 23-33; SWEET INCENSE, see 30: 34-38, burned on the golden altar of incense. Bezaleel, and later, the sons of the priests, 1 Chron. 9: 30, were the only ones allowed to prepare this holy oil and incense; WILLING, voluntary.

II. WORKMEN AND THEIR WORK.—(30-35.) CALLED, see 31: 1-6; BEZALEEL, see Notes; WISDOM, good judgment; KNOWLEDGE, experience; IN ALL MANNER OF WORKMANSHIP; technical skill; CURIOUS WORKS, works of skill, or art; TO MAKE, to work in; THAT HE MAY TEACH to instruct others, those under them, in their work; AHOLIAB, see Notes; ENGRAVER, or artificer, comp. 31: 4, 5; CUNNING WORKMAN, or skilful weaver; Heb., "reckoner." The curtains and vail of the Tabernacle, the ephod and breast-plate, with their curious figures, were all woven, like our tapestry, and are called "cunning work"; EMBROIDERER, needle-worker; he stitched designs in colored thread, or sewed colored figures upon cloth; WEAVER, he worked with the loom, with materials of only one color.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) Everyone should give to the Lord's cause, according to his means.

(2.) If you have no money, give time, labor and skill.

(3.) Knowledge and skill in the arts and sciences, and in everything comes from God, and should be used for him.

LESSON II.

OCT. 9.] THE TABERNACLE.

Exod. 40: 1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9-11.

1. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

2. On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation.

3. And thou shalt put therein the ark of the testimony, and cover the ark with the vail.

4. And thou shalt bring in the table, and set in order the things that are to be set in order upon it; and thou shalt bring in the candlestick, and light the lamps thereof.

5. And thou shalt set the altar of gold for the incense before the ark of the testimony, and put the hanging of the door to the tabernacle.

6. And thou shalt set the altar of the burnt offering before the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.

7. And thou shalt set the layer between the tent of the congregation and the altar, and shalt put water therein.

8. And thou shalt set up the court round about and hang up the hanging at the court gate.

9. And thou shalt take the anointing oil, and anoint the tabernacle, and all that is therein, and shalt hallow it, and all the vessels thereof: and it shall be holy.

10. And thou shalt anoint the altar of the burnt offering, and all his vessels, and sanctify the altar; and it shall be an altar most holy.

11. And thou shalt anoint the layer and his foot, and sanctify it.

12. And thou shalt bring Aaron and his sons unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and wash them with water.

13. And thou shalt put upon Aaron the holy garments, and anoint him, and sanctify him; that he may minister unto me in the priest's office.

14. And thou shalt bring his sons, and clothe them with coats:

15. And thou shalt anoint them, as thou didst anoint their father, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office: for their anointing shall surely be an everlasting priesthood throughout their generations.

16. Thus did Moses: according to all that the Lord commanded him, so did he.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle.—Exod. 40: 34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord gives access to himself.

INTRODUCTORY.—The chapters between the last lesson and this give a detailed description of the making of the Tabernacle, its furniture, and all belonging to it. It took nearly six months to finish all this; then, on the first day of Abib, 40: 17, about one year after the departure from Egypt, it was formally reared up, and became the place of manifestation of the Shekinah, the visible presence of the Lord, 40: 33, 34.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read carefully the Daily Readings of this lesson, and study the symbolical meaning of the various parts and pieces of the furniture of the tabernacle.

NOTES.—TABERNACLE, the "tent or movable dwelling-place," was a tent placed in an enclosure or court 75 feet wide and 150 feet long, formed by curtains or canvas screens, supported by brass pillars 8 feet high. The tent was 22½ feet high in the middle, and 7½ feet at the sides, its length being 60 feet, and its width 30 feet. Over the tent-cloth of goats' hair was spread another covering of red rams' skins, and over this, along the central ridge, one of "badgers' skins," 26: 14, or rather a kind of seal skin. The Tabernacle itself was formed of walls of acacia wood 15 feet high, 15 feet wide, and 45 feet long, with rich hangings of woven and embroidered work. It was divided by a rich curtain or vail into two apartments. The larger was called the Holy Place. The smaller, taking up the western end, a room 15 feet square, was the Holy of Holies, which only the high priest could enter once a year.—AARON see Notes, Lesson IV., Third Quarter.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE FURNITURE. (II.) THE CONSECRATION.

I. THE FURNITURE.—(1-8.) FIRST MONTH, Nisan or Abib, our March or April; THE CONGREGATION, "meeting"; ARK OF THE TESTIMONY, a box or chest of acacia wood overlaid with gold, and containing the tables of the law given to Moses on Sinai, which were also called the testimony. It was 3¾ feet long by 2¼ feet high and wide. It was the mark and pledge of God's presence with Israel. Covering its top was the mercy-seat, a plate of gold, having upon it the figures of the cherubim; it was the symbol of reconciliation; COVER, ETC., probably refers to the drawing of the vail or curtain that separated the Most Holy from the Holy Place; TABLE, of shew bread, stood in the Holy Place on the north side, and had on it 12 cakes of unleavened bread, Lev. 24: 5-9; CANDLESTICK, or lamp stand of pure gold, holding seven lamps, Ex. 25: 31-40, stood on south side of Holy Place; ALTAR OF GOLD FOR THE INCENSE, stood between the table and candlestick; made of acacia wood covered with gold, 3 feet high, the top 1½ feet square; opposite the ark, but outside the vail; HANGING OF THE DOOR, "curtain at the entrance"; ALTAR OF THE BURNT OFFERING, called also the Brazen Altar, because covered with brass or bronze; 4½ feet high, the top 7½ feet square; stood in the court opposite the Tabernacle entrance, see 27: 1-8; DOOR, entrance, covered with a curtain; CONGREGATION, meeting; LAVER, a large bronze basin, between the Tabernacle and brazen altar, see 30: 17-21; HANGING, entrance curtain.

II. THE CONSECRATION.—(9-16.) ANOINTING OIL, see Gen. 30: 23-25; ANOINT, for how it was done see Lev. 8: 10-12; TABERNACLE, not the Tent; VESSELS, utensils, means all the furniture; MOST HOLY, see margin; HIS FOOT, the pedestal; SANCTIFY, set apart for a special purpose; AARON, see Notes; HIS SONS, see 28: 1; DOOR ..... CONGREGATION, "entrance of the tent of meeting"; WASH THEM, bathe their whole body. Ordinarily only their hands and feet had to be washed at the Laver, 30: 19; HOLY GARMENTS, see Lev. 8: 7-9; MINISTER, serve; ANOINT HIM, oil was poured on his head, Lev. 8: 12, and sprinkled over his garments, Lev. 8: 30; CLOTHE THEM, Ex. see 28: 40-42; COATS, the common priests' official robe, of fine white linen, confined by a girdle, and having short sleeves; ANOINT THEM, and their garments just like Aaron, except perhaps that their heads were not anointed, 29: 21; EVERLASTING PRIESTHOOD, ETC., i.e., until its fulfilment in Christ. The priesthood was hereditary; this, our consecration, was therefore sufficient for all future generations.

TEACH.—Our bodies should be temples for the indwelling of God's Holy Spirit, 1 Cor. 6: 19, having

(1.) The law of God in our conscience, Ps. 37: 31.

(2.) Our hearts furnished with mercy and truth, Pro. 3: 3.

(3.) Our lips touched as with a live coal from off God's altar, Is. 6: 6, and our spirits humble and contrite, Is. 57: 15.

(4.) Our conduct regulated by God's Word. Ps. 119: 105.

(5.) Our entire lives consecrated to his service, 1 Cor. 6: 20.

LESSON III.

OCT. 16.] THE BURNT OFFERING.

Lev. 1: 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 2-5.

1. And the Lord called unto Moses, and spake unto him out of the tabernacle of the congregation, saying,

2. Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, If any man of you bring an offering unto the Lord, ye shall bring your offering of the cattle, even of the herd, and of the flock.

3. If his offering be a burnt sacrifice of the herd, let him offer a male without blemish: he shall offer it of his own voluntary will at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord.

4. And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering; and it shall be accepted for him to make atonement for him.

5. And he shall kill the bullock before the Lord: and the priests, Aaron's sons, shall bring the blood, and sprinkle the blood round about the altar that is by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.

6. And he shall flay the burnt offering, and cut it into pieces.

7. And the sons of Aaron the priest shall put fire upon the altar, and lay the wood in order upon the fire:

8. And the priests, Aaron's sons, shall lay the parts, the head, and the fat, in order upon the wood that is on the fire which is upon the altar:

9. But his inwards and his legs shall he wash in water: and the priest shall burn all on the altar, to be a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savor unto the Lord.

10. And if his offering be of the flocks, namely, of the sheep, or of the goats, for a burnt sacrifice; he shall bring it a male without blemish.

11. And he shall kill it on the side of the altar northward before the Lord: and the priests, Aaron's sons, shall sprinkle his blood round about upon the altar.

12. And he shall cut it into pieces, with his head and his fat: and the priest shall lay them in order on the wood that is on the fire which is upon the altar:

13. But he shall wash the inwards and the legs with water: and the priest shall bring it all, and burn it upon the altar: it is a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savor unto the Lord.

14. And if the burnt sacrifice for his offering to the Lord be of fowls, then he shall bring his offering of turtledoves, or of young pigeons.

GOLDEN TEXT.—So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.—Heb. 9: 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Access to God is by the atonement.

INTRODUCTORY.—The Book of Leviticus, the third book of the Pentateuch, is so called because, with the exception of chapters 8-10, which are historical, it treats of the Levitical regulations and laws of service, living and worship. It was written by Moses, though probably not all at one time, perhaps mainly while the Israelites sojourned at Mt. Sinai. It is in close connection with Exodus on the one hand and Numbers on the other.

NOTES.—OFFERING. The offerings of the Hebrews were of two kinds: bloody offerings, consisting of oxen, goats, sheep, pigeons or doves, and bloodless ones, consisting of flour, oil, wine, etc. The bloody or animal offerings were of three kinds: the Burnt Offering, in which the whole victim was consumed by fire; the Peace Offering, in which part was burned, and part eaten by the priests, and part by the officers; and the Sin Offering, in which it was part burned and part eaten by the priests. The bloodless, or vegetable offerings, always accompanied the Burnt and Peace Offerings. They were of two kinds: Meat (or vegetables) and Drink Offerings for the Brazen Altar; and Incense and Meat Offerings for the Holy Place. All that was not burnt or poured upon the altar fell to the lot of the priests.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE OFFERING FROM THE HERD. (II.) THE OFFERING FROM THE FLOCK.

I. THE OFFERING FROM THE HERD.—(1-9.) TABERNACLE OF THE CONGREGATION, tent of meeting, see Lesson II., Notes. The Lord had now taken up his habitation within it, Exod. 40: 34; IF ANY MAN, the offering was to be a free-will act prompted by each one's feeling of the need of sacrifice; a symbol of the submission of man's will to God. There were also offerings made obligatory by the law; 4: 1-3; OFFERING, see Notes; BRING AN OFFERING, ETC., read thus, "If any man bring an offering unto the Lord of the cattle (or beasts), ye shall bring your offering of the herd, etc."; A MALE, not younger than a week, 22: 27, nor older than 3 years, Gen. 15: 9; WITHOUT BLEMISH, "perfect," cf., 1 Pet. 1: 19, without defect or sickness of any kind; so Christ was bodily and spiritually; OF HIS OWN VOLUNTARY WILL, better "for his (God's) acceptance"; DOOR OF THE TABERNACLE, entrance of the tent, i.e., in the court, where the altar stood; HAND UPON THE HEAD, this was always required; it identified the offerer with his offering; ATONEMENT, reconciliation; SHALL KILL, the offerer should do so, verse 11; BLOOD, it was caught in a bowl by a priest; SPRINKLE, or throw, pour; FLAY, skin; the hide belonged to the priests; HIS PIECES, its proper portions; SONS OF AARON, i.e., priests; PUT FIRE, stir or rouse the fire, for the fire was from heaven, 9: 24, and all other was prohibited, 10: 1; INWARDS, bowels, symbolical of inward purity, and LEGS, of holy walk; WATER, from the laver; SWEET SAVOR, pleasing smell, cf., Eph. 5: 2, expressing offerer's piety.

II. THE OFFERING FROM THE FLOCK.—(10-14.) SHEEP, of the east are larger than ours, with fatty tail, that often weighed 50 pounds; SHALL KILL, ETC., the offering of sheep and goats was probably the same in detail as that of the bullock, verses 1-9; ALTAR NORTHWARD, north of the altar, in the court; BEFORE THE LORD, in front of the Tabernacle; FOWLS, allowed to be offered by those too poor to offer oxen, sheep or goats. Yet all the offerings were of such as were owned in property, and were valued and useful for food; TURTLEDOVES, were a wild pigeon that flew in large flocks, but only at certain seasons of the year; YOUNG PIGEONS, which were domesticated, could therefore be used in place of the dove.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) Our offerings must be voluntary or they are worthless.

(2.) All offerings of property must be preceded by the offering of ourselves to God.

(3.) By faith we offer Christ as a perfect sacrifice to God for our atonement.

(4.) God will not accept from us what we do not value; he is worthy of our best.

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